

A Mother's Needs

Emily Sinclair

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Walking past my son Brian's room in the way to the kitchen an aroma akin to spoiled milk and sweaty socks mixed with rotten food assaulted my nose. The smell putting me off breakfast, I slammed his door open and damn near threw up. How he could live in such filth was beyond me, but I had had enough. Opening the windows, I went to the kitchen and grabbed cleaning supplies including long rubber gloves, trash bags, air freshener and a few other necessities that would hopefully turn his dump of a room into something actually livable.

Pizza boxes – some with hard, moldy pieces still inside, fast food wrappers. A pile of dirty clothes forming a mountain the corner. I threw it all away. Blankets and sheets I spent a small fortune on went into the trash. The TV, Xbox One and all the games I bought him for Christmas were boxed up and taken to my room. If he could not take care of them then he did not deserve them and I did not care how much he balked he was not getting them back until he has learned to clean up after himself.

By noon my hunger had won over the stench of his room and I stopped for a quick bite to eat before getting back to work. It was while putting a clean sheet on the bed that I saw the corner of something sticking out near the headboard. My curiosity piqued, I pulled it out to see a thin leather bound journal. My hands working of their own accord, I flipped the cover open and as soon as my eyes hit the page I started reading.

My mother is hands down the single most stunningly beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on and call me a perverted sicko, but I want to screw her silly. But more than that I want her to have my babies.

The writing continued to the end of the page, but stunned at what I had already read, the apparent diary dropped to the floor. Taking a moment to let the words sink in, I sat on the edge of my son's ben and just stared at the book filled with god only knew what confessions for the longest time. After a few minutes I picked it back up and continued reading – placing it in my lap because my hands were shaking far too much to hold it steady.

Tall. Busty. Round hips. Full lips. Sexy grey eyes. And the most perfect ass I had ever seen in my life. Did I mention her tits? God, I can't even count how many times I've jerked off thinking about fucking them or sucking her large nipples. I like to imagine drinking her milk again and fucking hell does it get me off. Oh well, until I can figure out how to make my ultimate fantasy come true I'll just continue watching.

Unable to read any further, I got up, was about to slip the diary back between the mattress and box spring but then thought better of it. Tossing it on the dresser I finished cleaning his room and taking out the trash before going to my private bathroom and relaxing in a nice hot tub of scented bubbles. Picking up where I left off, I continued reading about my son's extremely unhealthy desire to be with me. As if wanting to have sex and knock his own mother up was not bad enough, the things he detailed on the following pages made me blush with humiliation and worry he would not be able to hold his fantasies in check forever. Part of me wanted to toss him out on his ass, but the mother in me knew that would never happen. Something deep down also told me that if I were to outright reject him he would go off the deep end and I could not be responsible for whatever actions he took as a result of that.

If I was being completely honest with myself a small part of me found his words strangely flattering and it had been nearly three years since his father left me for a younger model and I had pretty much been celibate ever since. *A woman has needs*, I thought as I read on. *A...mother, has needs. And if I have a handsome young man ready and willing to satisfy those need then why hold back? Just make him wear a condom so he can't...* Realizing where my thoughts were taking me, I dropped the diary on the floor as if it had suddenly burst into flame and despite being home alone I looked around to see who might have heard my thoughts.

I tried taking my mind off Brian's diary but the harder I tried the more apparent it became I was fighting a losing battle. Not only with my curiosity of where his fantasies were taking me, but with my own lewd thoughts as my mind went from complete disgust to morbid curiosity to accepting the fact that I would most likely be having sex with my own son sooner rather than later. And that admission in and of itself told me just how much his words had affected me. Or maybe it was the fact that I had not had sex in three years and anything at this point was better than nothing. Either way, I knew with every fiber of my being that he would be my next, and quite possibly last, lover.

I could barely comprehend how I went from a mother angry that her son lived like a complete slob to horny and ready to have sex with him but now that that was where my mind was I found it next to impossible to think of anything else. I tried. Honestly. But the thought of his cock slamming in and out of me had my poor neglected clit throbbing with excitement. Hell, even the thought of his seed filling me, impregnating me had me turned on in ways I could hardly understand and for the first time since pulling his diary from under the mattress I actually wanted him to knock me up. Not that I would actually let him as that would quite possibly be the stupidest thing we could do, but in my extreme arousal I did find the idea strangely appealing.

I got pregnant with my one and only child at fifteen and had him at sixteen so while there was an age gap between us I was still very much young and fit enough to have more. My son wanted to knock me up, but even scarier than that was my sudden desire for the same and that was something I could not allow to happen so I decided I would call and make an appointment with my doctor to get on birth control. It was in that very moment I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt this was going to happen. I was going to commit the ultimate taboo and have sex with my own son. Picking his diary back up, I continued reading about all the horribly perverted things he wanted to do to me and let my imagination run wild.

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Brian got home from wherever he had spent the night around four in the afternoon and it was all I could do to not take him right then and there. I had thought about it for the past couple of hours and while I wanted him, seriously, desperately wanted him I could not come off as being too needy so I gave him an angry scowl. "Before you go running off again know that I cleaned that pig pen you call a room," I laid into him. "I don't know where you got your laziness from but it won't happen in my house again. Is that understood?"

"What do you mean you cleaned my room?" he asked, his tone bordering on surprise and shock. "You had no right to..."

"This is my house and I have every right to keep it free of bugs. Now I'm telling you it will never happen again. You will eat at the table with me and the next time I see you taking even a glass into your room I'll kick you to the streets!" That last bit came out sounding extremely harsh and while I felt bad it was good to see he saw that I meant it. "Another thing, I've confiscated your TV and video games and you're not getting them back until you can prove to me you can actually keep your room clean. And would it kill you to actually help out around

here once in a while? No. The answer you're looking for is no. And you'll start with taking the trash out and doing dishes after dinner. And if I find even a speck on one you'll wash every dish in this house until you get it right."

"What the fuck mom?" he groaned. "I'm not your fucking maid."

"And I'm not yours! Which is why I took your TV and video games as payment for cleaning your god damn room." My desire to fuck his brains out severely diminished by his attitude, I had to stop myself slapping him across the face. "I'm serious, Brian. You're going to start helping around here or you can find somewhere else to live because I am not going to support a free-loading bum. Or you can pay me to keep cleaning up after you. Your choice."

"You want me to pay you to do your job?"

"My job? My job of taking care of you ended the day you turned eighteen. Now man up and start pulling your weight around here or find somewhere else to live." Teeth grinding together, I stomped out of the living room and into the kitchen to prepare dinner – all thoughts of having sex with him completely gone for the first time in hours. Unfortunately, it did not last long as I watched my shirtless son walk into the kitchen a few minutes later. I wish I could say I had more self-control, but the fact of the matter is, I was so god damn lonely and horny and he was so handsome and well-built that I lost what little bit I had. Grabbing him by the left arm I spun him around and slammed his back against the fridge. He grunted and then stared down at me as I got on my knees. He opened his mouth to say something but the words caught in his throat as I yanked his pants down and sucked his surprisingly large dick into my mouth.

"O-Ooohhhh god! Mom?"

But I ignored him and continued sucking until he was producing pre-cum faster than I could lap it up. "I don't want to hear another word out of your mouth. I've read your diary. I know all the perverted things you want to do to me and as fucked up as it is I'm going to let you. But only if you keep your room clean and start helping out around here," I said as I stood – not once breaking eye contact with him. "We'll start with taking out the trash and doing the dinner dishes. Is that understood?" He slowly nodded and I walked back to the stove to finish cooking. He walked up behind me a moment later and lightly kissed the side of my neck. It was nice, but I had a point to make and caving now would only show him he could do whatever he wanted without doing as I said. "After you do the dishes."

"Come on, mom, you can't get me hard and then leave me hanging. At least finish sucking me off."

"Go take care of it yourself. And if it helps you can always think about fucking my tits or sucking my big nipples," I said to prove I had read what he had written about me. The pleading look on his face nearly enough to crumble my resolve, I nevertheless held my ground and a moment later he left the kitchen to go take care of his big problem. And I did mean big. He had at least two inches on his father's comfortable seven and was way thicker to boot. He was hands down the biggest I had ever wrapped my cocksucking lips around – his words, not mine, and I could not wait to feel it inside of me. I just hoped he felt doing a few chores around the house was a good price to pay to fulfill his ultimate fantasy.